

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

FEB. 1952 NO. 6

10¢ IN

STRANGEST TALES
EVER HEARD

THAT THING IS
ANDREWS GHOST—
IT'S ALIVE. WE CAN'T
GET BY!

OH, NO!!
JIM, IT CAN'T
BE!! SHOOT
IT!!!

GHOSTLY TERROR
IN THE CAVE
AND OTHER STORIES

TALES OF
HORROR



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Square
Dances

Samba

Waltz

Fox Trot

Rhumba

Jitterbug

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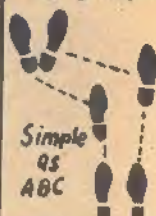


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**LEARN THE FOX TROT, COUNTRY DANCES,
RHUMBA, SAMBA. CALL SQUARE DANCES!**

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TERROR STRIKES US ALL! THE BRAVE AND THE COWARDLY! TERROR IS OLD AS TIME...NEW AS AN UNENDED SCREAM! IT LURKS AND WAITS! LOOK, FOR YOU MUST, THROUGH THE LEAPING, BLOOD-RED FLAMES ABOUT THE EXECUTIONER'S STAKE AT THE...

TERROR OF THE BURNING WITCH

WHO IS THERE? WHA--
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NO...NO! AIIIEEEE!

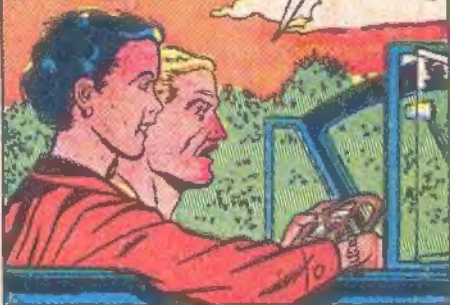
I MUST
CARRY OUT YOUR
SENTENCE..." TO
BE BURNED AT THE
STAKE FOR THE
CRIME OF WITCHCRAFT
UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD
--DEAD--DEAD!



THE TERRIBLE EVENTS IN THIS STORY OF HORROR BEGAN LONG AGO! THEY ARE BETTER FORGOTTEN! YET, I MUST TELL IT! THERE IS NO MORE BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE THAN THAT OF NEW ENGLAND! FOR THAT REASON I, JAMES WATSON, AND MY NEW BRIDE CHOSE TO HONEYMOON THERE...

OUR ANNIVERSARY,
NOW, JIM
WATSON?

MIRIAM -- AT
THIS MOMENT
REPRESENTATIVES
OF TWO OF THE
OLDEST FAMILIES IN
NEW ENGLAND HAVE
BEEN MARRIED EXACTLY
SIX HOURS!

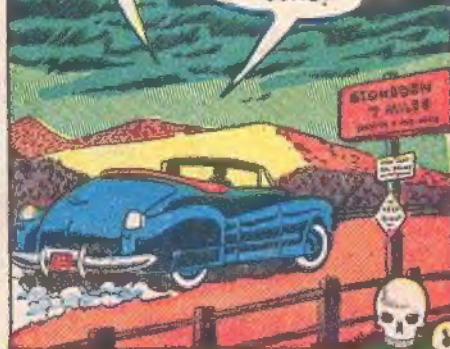


THE MILES PASSED BLISSFULLY. SOON WE WERE IN UNFAMILIAR TERRITORY.

STONEDEN?
IS THAT EVEN
ON THE MAP?

WE'RE LOST ALL RIGHT!
AND IT'S GETTING DARK,
BUT WHO CARES?

STONEDEN--- HERE WE
COME!



THE SIGN SAID SEVEN MILES, BUT IT SEEMED AS THOUGH WE DROVE SEVENTY BEFORE WE REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN...

FUNNY-- NO ELECTRICITY HERE IN STONEDEN!

JIM, SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE WILLIES-- I'M AFRAID!

BUT EVEN AS I SPOKE I WONDERED! THERE WAS SOMETHING EERIE ABOUT STONEDEN! WE CAME TO AN INN AND DECIDED TO PUT UP FOR THE NIGHT...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?

OH--THAT--HAH HAH-- THESE ARE THE "DAYS OF 1760". EACH YEAR THE VILLAGE TURNS BACK THE CLOCK FOR A WEEK...

NO ELECTRICITY. NO BLARING RADIOS. WE WEAR COSTUMES. GREAT FOR THE TOURIST TRADE!



SEE--JUST A CIVIC CELEBRATION! TOMORROW WE'LL LOOK AROUND... MIGHT BE FUN TO SEE HOW OUR ANCESTORS LIVED!

I WAS PRETTY SILLY, DARLING. STILL...?



THERE--THERE--DARLING, IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE-- NOT REALITY!

NO, NO--IT WAS MORE THAN THAT! I WAS TRIED AS A WITCH! IT WAS HORRIBLE!



SOME HOURS LATER, JUST BEFORE DAWN, MIRIAM AWOKES WITH A START--HER CONTORTED THROAT CHOKING BACK SCREAMS...

NO! NO! DON'T BURN ME! EEEAAAYHH!

MIRIAM! WHAT'S WRONG? HAVE YOU BEEN DREAMING?



THEN, IN THE CHILL LIGHT OF AN EERIE, LEAD-GRAY DAWN, MY BRIDE TOLD ME THE FOLLOWING BIZARRE DREAM OF 1760...

PRISONER AT THE BAR--YOU ARE GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF WITCHCRAFT! YOU SHALL BE BURNT AT THE STAKE UNTIL DEAD! BURN HER EXECUTIONER-- OR YOUR SOUL SHALL BE FORFEIT!

NO! NO! NOT THE FIRE! DON'T BURN ME!



STONE HER!

TO THE STAKE!

SLOW DEATH TO ALL WITCHES!

BURN THE WITCH!



I MUST BURN YOU TILL YOU ARE DEAD! DEAD!



OH H H H H H H H H H H / LOOK! THE RAIN HAS PUT OUT THE FIRE!

THE WIND! THE RAIN! BUT YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE, WITCH! I'LL BURN YOU YET!



AND THEN, AS THE WIND AND RAIN PUT OUT THE FIRE-- I ESCAPED! THEN-- I WOKE UP!

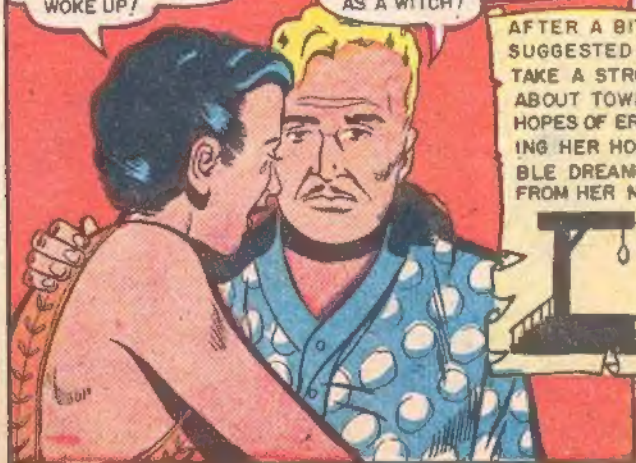
IT--IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHY SHOULD YOU DREAM OF BEING BURNED AS A WITCH!

AFTER A BIT I SUGGESTED WE TAKE A STROLL ABOUT TOWN IN HOPES OF ERASING HER HORRIBLE DREAM FROM HER MIND.

HAD I BUT KNOWN THE VAST FORCES OF EVIL THAT WERE GATHERING ABOUT US AT THAT MOMENT, WE WOULD HAVE LEFT STONEDEN AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT I DIDN'T...

I SEEM TO HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE-- TO KNOW ALL ABOUT STONEDEN! BUT THAT'S SILLY... I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE!

QUAINT OLD PLACE... BUT WHY DOES IT INTEREST ME SO MUCH, MIRIAM?



THEN, AS WE STOOD STARING ABOUT US...

COME ALONG, FOLKS, IT'S ALL FREE /
COURTESY OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.
SEE THE SIGHTS OF OLD STONEDEN.
SEE THE...

COME ON, SWEETHEART,
LET'S GO, TOO!

JIM... I...
WELL, ALL RIGHT.



AND THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS A REPLICA
OF THE STAKE UPON WHICH THE WITCHES OF STONEDEN
WERE BURNT / AN OLD, ILLEGIBLE PLAQUE MARKS
THE SPOT-- READ IT IF YOU CAN!



MUST RUN...HIDE! THEY
MUST NOT GET ME!

MIRIAM! WAIT FOR
ME! WHAT'S WRONG?



THIS WAS THE PUNISHMENT FOR DRUNKENNESS
IN THE OLD DAYS. THE PRISONER?... WHY, HE'S
THE PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL BANK! HAH HAH!



THIS PLACE -- STAKE -- FLAMES --
THE FIRE -- HIGHER AND HIGHER!!



SUDDENLY, MIRIAM BECAME
HYSTERICAL AGAIN AS THOUGH
BEWITCHED! WHY? I HAD TO KNOW!

WH--WHAT HAPPENED?

DON'T TRY TO
TALK NOW. I'LL
TAKE YOU TO THE
ROOM-- YOU REST
A BIT. . .



INSISTED THAT SHE TAKE A MILD SEDATIVE. AS SOON AS SHE WAS ASLEEP...

YES, WE HAVE AN EXCELLENT LOCAL ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY. IT MEETS--

YES, YES, BUT A LIBRARY--OLD PAPERS--THAT SORT OF THING?



INCREDIBLE--YET IT'S ALL HERE! THERE WERE EXECUTIONS JUST LIKE THAT OF MY WIFE'S DREAM! HOW COULD SHE...

ASSURED THAT THERE WAS SUCH A LIBRARY, I HASTENED TO IT...

WITCHCRAFT? YES, SIR. WE HAVE ALL THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF THE LOCAL TRIALS AND EXECUTIONS!

MAY I LOOK AT THEM, PLEASE--NOW?



I FORGOT THESE--THE RECORDS OF THE TRIAL AND ESCAPE OF THE WITCH MERLINSON!

THAT'S MIRIAM'S MAIDEN NAME!! COULD...COULD...?



FEARFUL NOW OF EXACTLY WHAT I MIGHT DISCOVER, I BUT GLANCED THROUGH THE DOCUMENTS AND HURRIED FROM THE LIBRARY...

MY MIRIAM MUST BE A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THAT EARLIER MIRIAM! BUT--THE DREAM--HER DREAM--HER FACE BEING IN THE DREAM??



PUZZLED, STRANGELY TROUBLED, I HASTENED BACK TO THE INN TO FIND MY WIFE---GONE!!

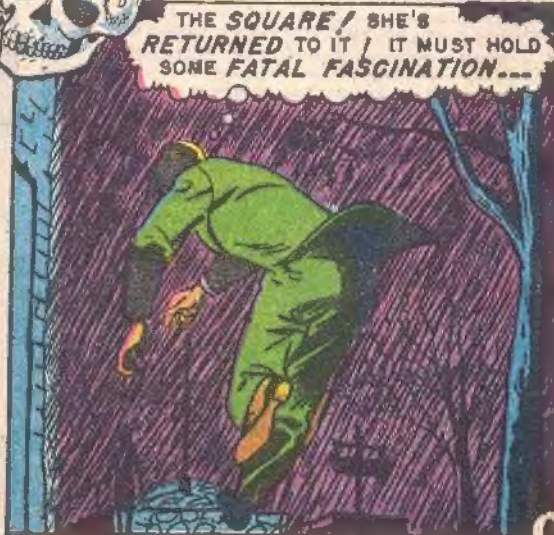
CLERK! CLERK! MY WIFE--WHERE IS SHE?

SHE LEFT BUT A FEW MINUTES AGO! SHE HAD THE ODDEST LOOK ON HER FACE...

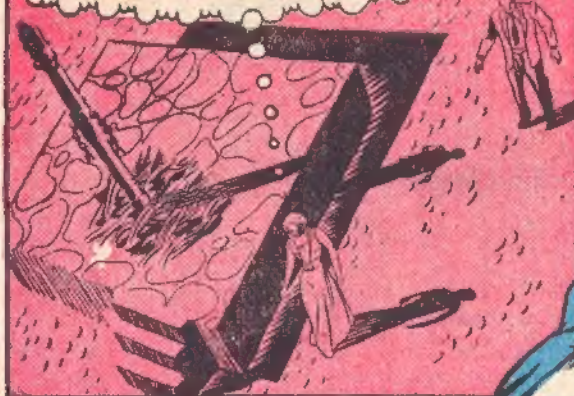


I RAN OUT INTO THE BLACK MOUTH OF THE NIGHT...

THE SQUARE! SHE'S RETURNED TO IT! IT MUST HOLD SOME FATAL FASCINATION...



I MUST BE LOOSING MY MIND ! I CAN'T HELP MYSELF ! I HAD TO COME HERE--I HAVE TO MOUNT THE PLATFORM:



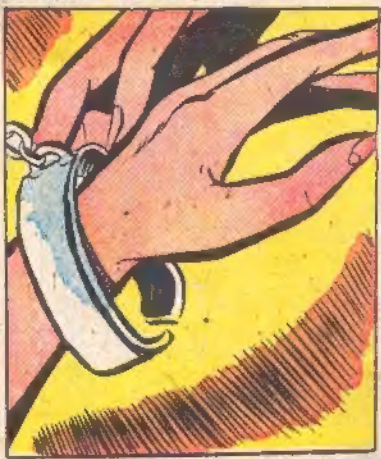
FOR SOME UNEXPLAINABLE REASON, WHEN I FOUND MIRIAM I WAITED...WATCHED...



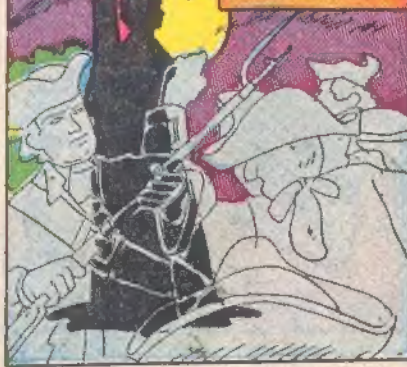
ONCE SHE WAS UPON THE PLATFORM SHE STOOD FOR A MOMENT LOOKING ABOUT HER AS THOUGH THERE WERE AN EMMENSE CROWD GATHERED ABOUT HER IN THE SQUARE...



WITH MOUNTING HORROR, I WATCHED MY WIFE APPROACH THE STAKE AND PLACE HER HANDS WITHIN THE IRON FETTERS...



A WIND CAME UP AND SWELLED ABOUT ME, AND AS I WAITED, I FELT AS THOUGH I WERE RUSHING BACKWARD IN TIME...



THEN I HEARD THE VOICES IN THE WIND AND I SAW THE FIGURES IN THE SQUARE...



DEATH TO THE WITCH!
BURN THE WITCH!
BURN! BURN! BURN! BURN!

YOUR DUTY, EXECUTIONER, DO YOUR DUTY...



NOW, NOW, DO YOUR DUTY...
THE WITCH... YOUR JOB...

THIS, I KNEW, COULD BE NOTHING BUT A DREAM, AND YET...I HEARD VOICES...TALKING TO ME...

I GLANCED UP AND THE EYES OF MY BRIDE, BRIGHT WITH FEAR, STARED DOWN AT ME...

WHERE AM I -- WHAT AM I DOING HERE? JIM -- JIM?
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME SO STRANGELY?

BURN THE WITCH!
BURN HER!

AND THEN I KNEW -- SHE WAS NOT MY WIFE --
SHE WAS THE WITCH -- MIRIAM MERLINSON --
THE CONDEMNED WITCH...



JIM / JIM / I'M YOUR WIFE --
MIRIAM! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? NO -- DON'T!
DON'T!!



YOUR
SENTENCE
READS -- "TO BE
BURNT AT THE
STAKE UNTIL
DEAD -- DEAD
DEAD!"

AAIEEEEE!!



SUDDENLY, MY WIFE'S
SCREAMS, LIKE A BRIGHT
KNIFE, RIPPED AWAY MY
INSANE ENCHANTMENT...

MIRIAM! MIRIAM!
WHAT HAVE I DONE??



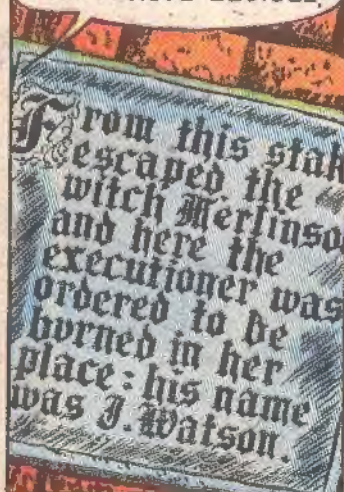
AND THEN, AS HER SCREAMS DIED
AWAY, I REMEMBERED A NAME!
I REMEMBERED...

I HAVE KILLED MY
WIFE -- MY LOVE!

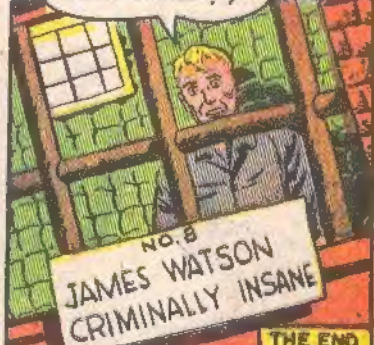


LOOK! THE FIRE HAS MADE
THE PLAQUE LEGIBLE!

From this stake
escaped the
witch Merlinson
and here the
executioner was
ordered to be
burned in her
place: his name
was J. Watson.



BELIEVE ME, PLEASE. I'M NOT
INSANE! I DIDN'T KILL HER!
HER EXECUTIONER DID! HE
JUST USED MY BODY! FOR A
FEW MINUTES HE WAS ALIVE
AGAIN EVEN IF HE HAS BEEN
IN HIS GRAVE FOR THREE
CENTURIES!!



NO. 8
JAMES WATSON
CRIMINALLY INSANE

THE END

BRIDE FOR THE DEAD



CAN A CORPSE RISE FROM A GRAVE AND WIN THE LOVE OF A LIVING GIRL? CAN THE COLD AND MOULDERED MOUTH OF A DEAD MAN KISS LIPS WARM AND SOFT WITH LIFE? WAIT...EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS...DON'T SAY 'NO' TOO SOON! FIRST READ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SPURNED LOVER RETURNS FROM THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE TOMB TO SEEK A WEIRD AND HORRIBLE REVENGE AS HIS RESTLESS BODY AND SOUL CLAIM A...

"BRIDE FOR THE DEAD"



I'M DR. ALBERT MARTON. ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO MY SICK AND AGED FATHER LAY DYING. ONE DARK NIGHT, I RUSHED TO HIS BEDSIDE WHILE HIS SCREAMS OF TERROR STILL FILLED THE AIR...



I SAW IT... SAW IT! THE GHOST OF THE MAN WHO KILLED YOUR MOTHER!

HE'S DELIRIOUS... POOR DAD! MOTHER DIED AT SEA OF A FEVER... WAS BURIED THERE!



DRINK THIS, DAD! YOU'LL REST TILL THE NURSE GETS BACK!

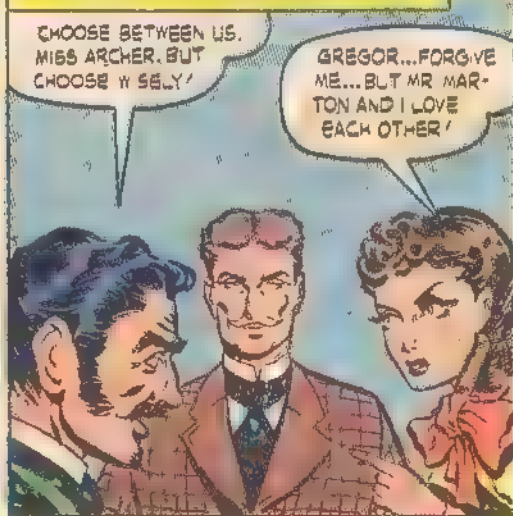
NO! NO! I'VE BEEN SILENT TOO LONG! I MUST WARN YOU ABOUT THE "DEVIL LOVER"! LISTEN... AND TRY TO BELIEVE...



MY SON... I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH... AT LAST! YOUR MOTHER DIDN'T DIE AT SEA! HER FATE IS STILL A HORRIBLE MYSTERY... BUT LET ME START AT THE BEGINNING...



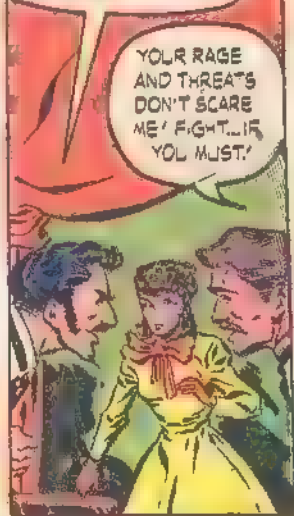
YOUR MOTHER WAS SUSAN ARCHER. I COURTED HER THOUGH SHE WAS ALMOST ENGAGED TO A HANDSOME FOREIGNER NAMED GREGOR BORIS...



CHOOSE BETWEEN US, MISS ARCHER. BUT CHOOSE WISELY!

GREGOR... FORGIVE ME... BUT MR MARTON AND I LOVE EACH OTHER!

YOU'VE SPOLEN THE GIRL I LOVE! BUT... I'LL HAVE REVENGE... REVENGE!



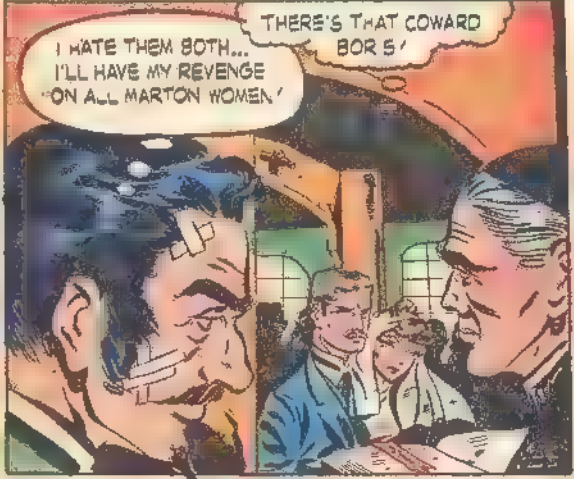
YOUR RAGE AND THREATS DON'T SCARE ME! FIGHT... IF YOU MUST!

FISTICUFFS ARE FOOLISH! I KNOW WAYS FOR A MORE HORRIBLE RECKONING!



I HAVE STUDIED WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC AND I KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE DEAD!

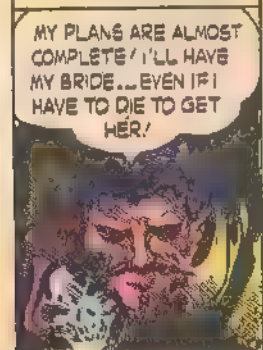
I THRASHED GREGOR BORIS TWICE... BUT I COULDN'T MAKE HIM LEAVE TOWN... HE WATCHED OUR WEDDING...



THERE'S THAT COWARD BORIS!

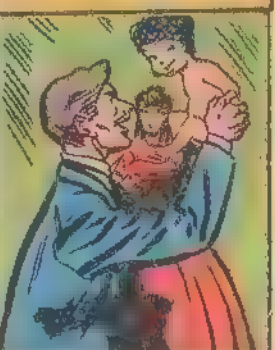
I HATE THEM BOTH... I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE ON ALL MARTON WOMEN!

A YEAR LATER, YOU, MY SON, WERE BORN... I KNEW GREGOR BORIS STILL HATED US...

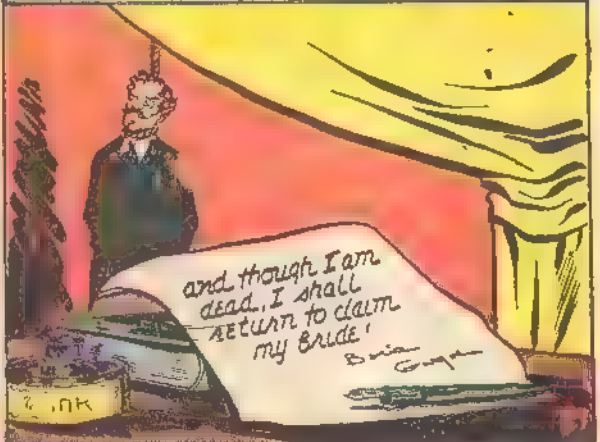


MY PLANS ARE ALMOST COMPLETE! I'LL HAVE MY BRIDE... EVEN IF I HAVE TO DIE TO GET HER!

BORIS WAITED UNTIL YOU WERE BORN AND SOON AFTER COMMITTED SUICIDE!!



BORIS'S SUICIDE SHOCKED US... BUT THE NOTE HE LEFT HELD A TERRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS THREAT...



and though I am dead, I shall return to claim my bride!

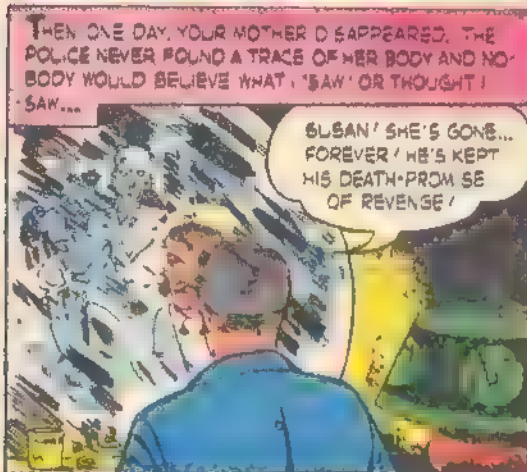
Boris



FROM THE DAY OF GREGOR BORIS'S
SUICIDE YOUR MOTHER AND I BOTH
THOUGHT WE SAW THINGS...

OOOH... THERE'S
THAT THING AGAIN

MAYBE I ONLY
MAGINE IT... BUT
I'M SO AFRAID...



THEN ONE DAY, YOUR MOTHER DISAPPEARED. THE
POLICE NEVER FOUND A TRACE OF HER BODY AND NO-
BODY WOULD BELIEVE WHAT I 'SAW' OR THOUGHT I
SAW...

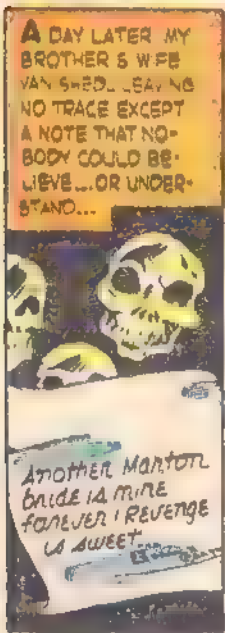
SUSAN! SHE'S GONE...
FOREVER! HE'S KEPT
HIS DEATH-PROMISE
OF REVENGE!



BE BRAVE, DEAR!
EVEN IF IT'S TRUE
...HE CAN'T HURT
US!

EEEEEEK!!

SUSAN AND I SOON REALIZED
THE THING WAS GREGOR'S GHOST
SEEKING REVENGE! (BUT HOW?)



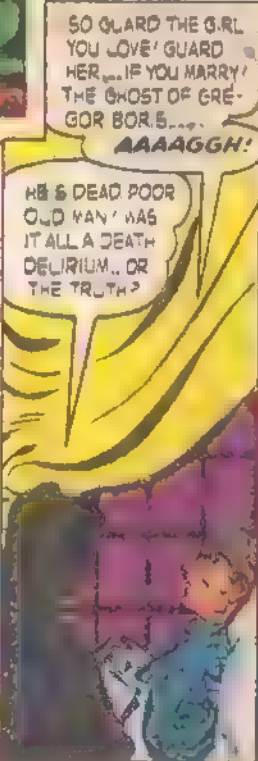
A DAY LATER MY
BROTHER'S WIFE
VANISHED... LEAVING
NO TRACE EXCEPT
A NOTE THAT NO-
BODY COULD BE-
LIEVE... OR UNDER-
STAND...

MY BROTHER DIED
OF GRIEF, AND WHEN
THE POLICE COULDN'T
FIND EITHER OF THE
"LOST" MARTON WO-
MEN, I CROSSED THE
CONTINENT TO FIND
A NEW HOME WITH YOU...

WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS
SO SAD, DADDY? BE-
CAUSE MOTHER
DIED AT SEA?



ANOTHER MARTON
BRIDE IS MINE
FOREVER! REVENGE
IS SWEET



SO GUARD THE GIRL
YOU LOVE! GUARD
HER... IF YOU MARRY!
THE GHOST OF GREG-
GOR BORIS...

AAAAGGH!

HE'S DEAD POOR
OLD MAN! WAS
IT ALL A DEATH
DELIRIUM... OR
THE TRUTH?

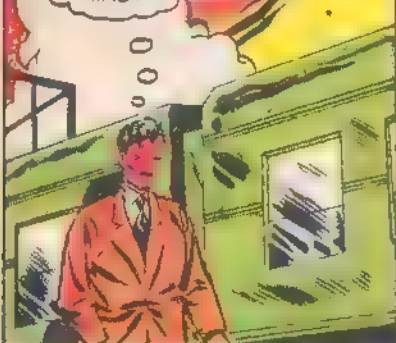


I'LL STUDY THESE DOCUMENTS
SOME DAY SOON. AFTER DAD'S
BURIED... I'LL HURRY BACK TO ANNE
THE GIRL I LOVE! I'M PUZZLED
...WORRIED!

WITH HIS
DYING
BREATH
DAD GAVE
ME A PIC-
TURE OF
GREGOR!

I HAD BEEN AWAY THREE MONTHS...
AND ANNE BURWELL'S LETTERS HAD
BECOME FEWER AND COLDER...

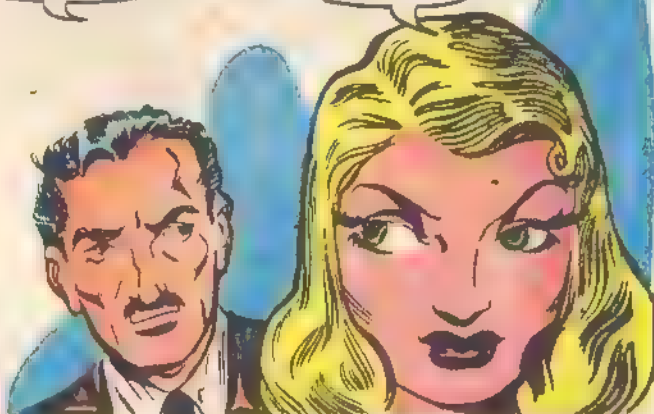
NOW I'M REALLY WORRIED
ABOUT ANNE...HMMM...
GOT TO GET THAT GHOST
STORY OF DAD'S OUT OF
MIND!



WHEN I WENT TO SEE THE GIRL I LOVED, I FOUND THAT I HAD LOST
HER TO A RIVAL SUITOR...

ANNE...THEN YOU
DON'T LOVE ME?

ALBERT, FORGIVE ME!
I'M GOING TO MARRY
SOMEONE ELSE!

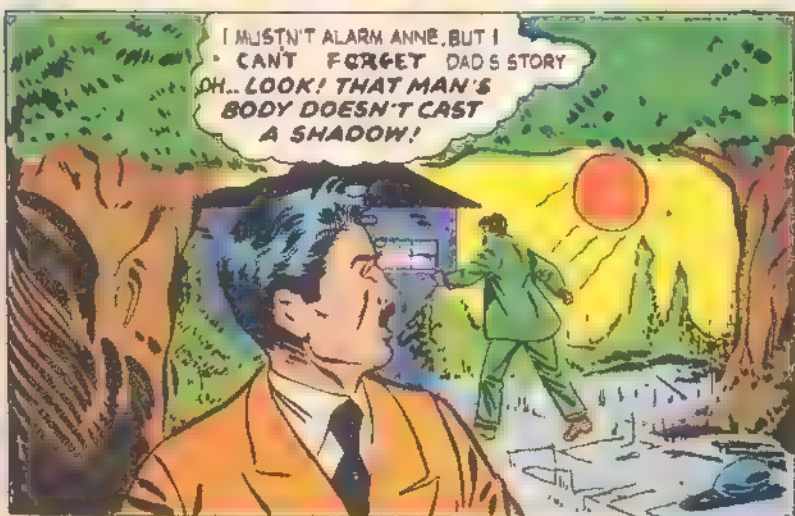


ANNE...I HAVE LOVED AND
LOST, BUT I WISH YOU HAPPY-
NESS...GOODBYE!

GOODBYE,
ALBERT. YOU'RE
SO GOOD...SO
KIND...I'M TRULY
SORRY!

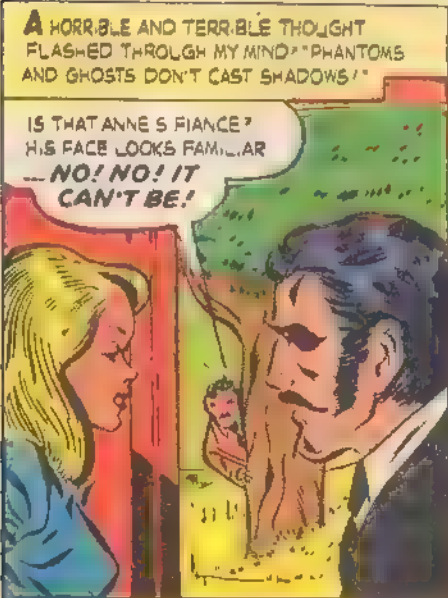


I MUSTN'T ALARM ANNE, BUT I
CAN'T FORGET DAD'S STORY
OH...LOOK! THAT MAN'S
BODY DOESN'T CAST
A SHADOW!



A HORRIBLE AND TERRIBLE THOUGHT
FLASHED THROUGH MY MIND: "PHANTOMS
AND GHOSTS DON'T CAST SHADOWS!"

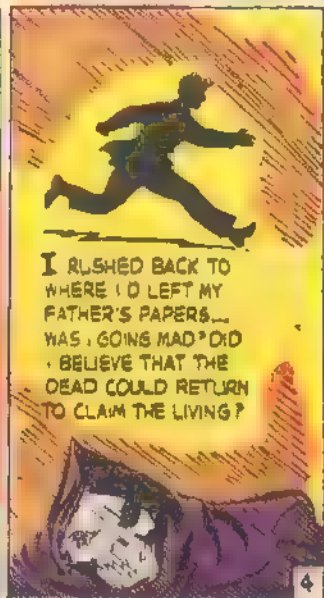
IS THAT ANNE'S FIANCE?
HIS FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR
...NO! NO! IT
CAN'T BE!



IT'S THE SAME FACE AS THE
PICTURE MY FATHER SHOWED
ME...OR IS IT? AND CAN HIS
LACK OF SHADOW BE A
TRICK OF THE SUN?



I RUSHED BACK TO
WHERE I LEFT MY
FATHER'S PAPERS...
WAS I GOING MAD? DID
I BELIEVE THAT THE
DEAD COULD RETURN
TO CLAIM THE LIVING?



IT'S TRUE! A CORPSE IS WALKING WITH THE GIRL I LOVE! NOW I UNDERSTAND HIS SUICIDE... FOR SUCH A ONE HOVERS BETWEEN TWO WORLDS
...NEVER DEAD WHILE THEIR BODIES EXIST!



I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER! BUT HOW DOES ONE FIGHT A DEAD MAN?



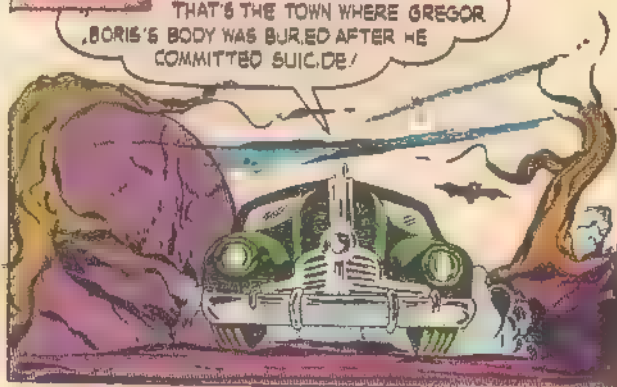
BUT I HAD COME TOO LATE! ANNE AND HER PHANTOM LOVER HAD ELOPED!

...AND THAT MAN GIVES ME THE CREEPS! BUT MISS ANNE SOMEHOW SHE LETS HIM BOSS HER AROUND! SEEMS HE'S GOT CONTROL OVER HER! THEY'VE GONE TO TROYVILLE... TO GET MARRIED...



TROYVILLE! THE NAME WAS FAM _AR... HORRIBLY FAM _AR _

THAT'S THE TOWN WHERE GREGOR BORIS'S BODY WAS BURIED AFTER HE COMMITTED SUICIDE!

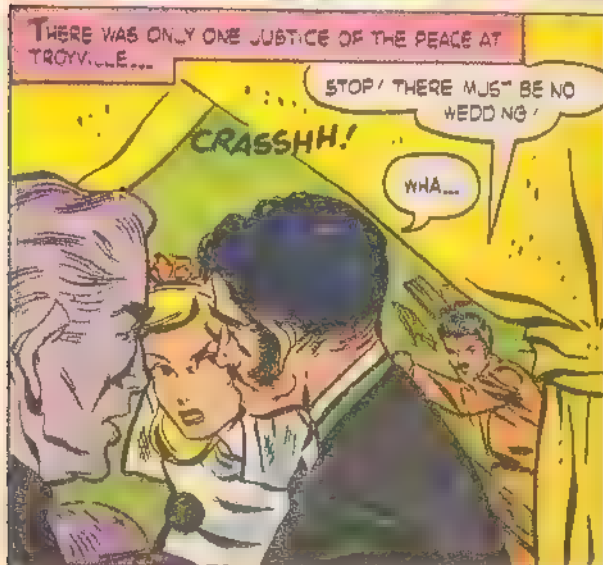


THERE WAS ONLY ONE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AT TROYVILLE...

STOP! THERE MUST BE NO WEDDING!

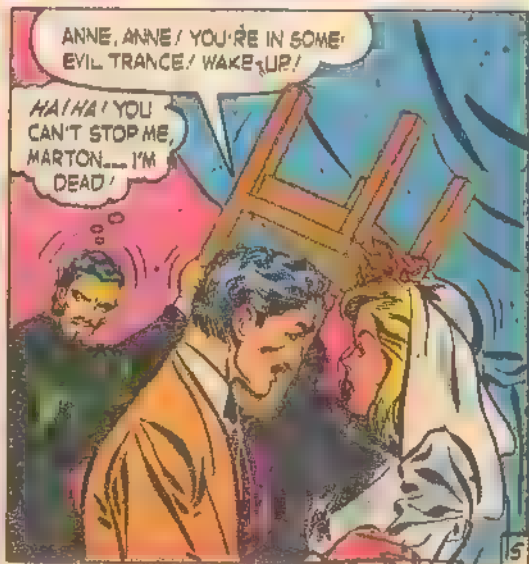
CRASSHH!

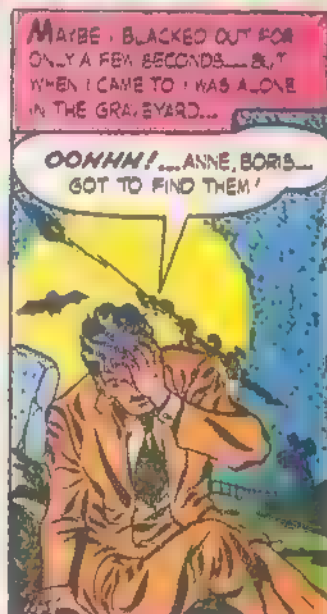
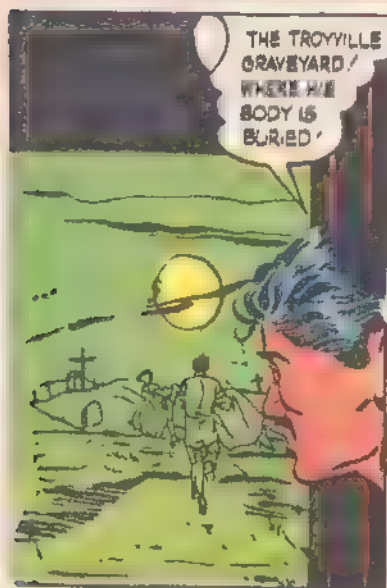
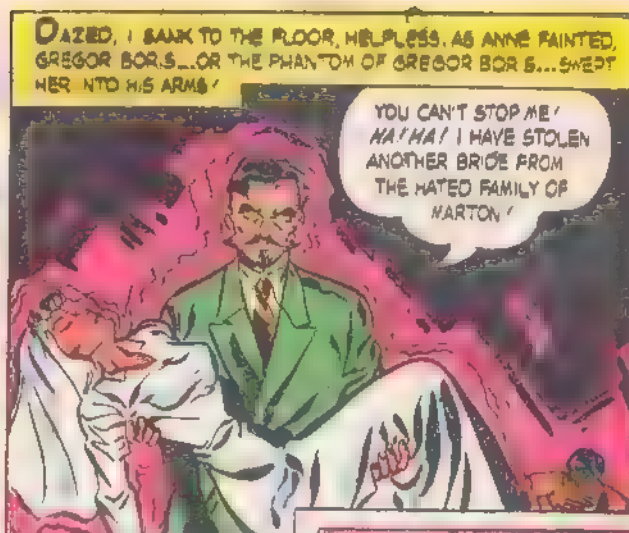
WHA...



ANNE, ANNE! YOU'RE IN SOME EVIL TRANCE! WAKE UP!

HA/HA! YOU CAN'T STOP ME, MARTON... I'M DEAD!





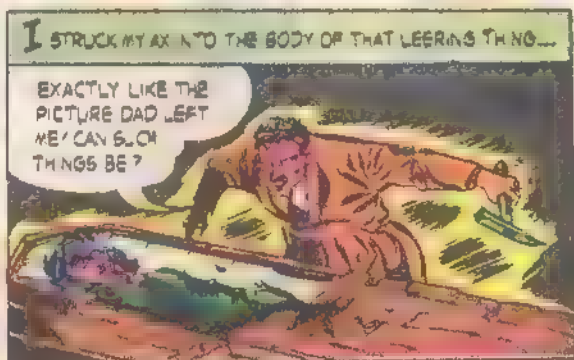


I'M AFRAID OF WHAT I'LL FIND...
BUT I'VE GOT TO SMASH THE
DOOR IN!



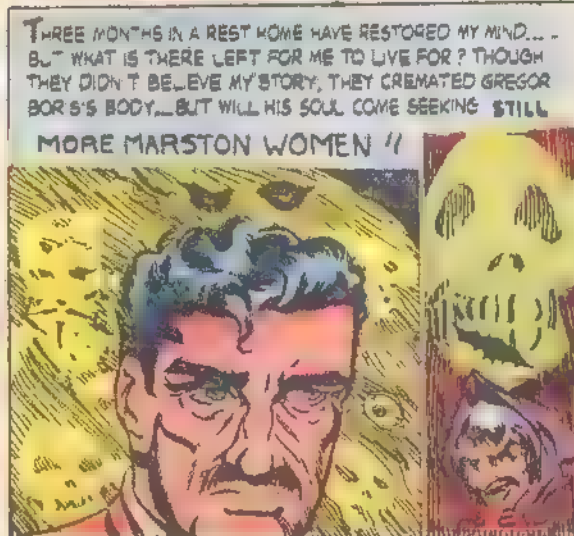
WHEN I BURST INTO THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD... MY
WORST FEARS WERE REALIZED... EVEN MY MOST HORRIBLE
IMAGININGS HADN'T PREPARED ME FOR THIS...

MY FATHER'S BRIDE...
MY UNCLE'S BRIDE...
ANNE!



I STRUCK MY AX INTO THE BODY OF THAT LEERING THING...

EXACTLY LIKE THE
PICTURE DAD LEFT
ME! CAN SUCH
THINGS BE?



THREE MONTHS IN A REST HOME HAVE RESTORED MY MIND...
BUT WHAT IS THERE LEFT FOR ME TO LIVE FOR? THOUGH
THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE MY STORY, THEY CREMATED GREGOR
BORR'S BODY... BUT WILL HIS SOUL COME SEEKING STILL

MORE MARSTON WOMEN !!



ANNE WAS DEAD, EITHER STRANGLED OR DEAD OF
SHEER TERROR!

THE SHOUL! THE FIEND!
I'VE GOT TO DESTROY HIM!



I LOST MY SENSES I WENT RAVING MAD! I WOULD
HAVE KILLED MYSELF... BUT THE POLICE THE JUSTICE
HAD CALLED STOPPED ME...

HOLD HIM! HE'S
DANGEROUS!

I WANT
TO DIE
WITHOUT
ANNE!!

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



LITTLE APPLES SPELL HORROR

By ELLEN LYNN

As he walked along in the mild spring evening, Arthur Lansing could feel the small square box in his breast pocket and his fingers clutched it joyfully. At last he had made up his mind to marry Mildred Hemming and he had impulsively stopped into a jeweler's and bought an engagement ring. He hurried a little faster as he thought of her and his heart pounded. Why hadn't he decided on this step a year ago? She was so beautiful — so wonderful!

He bounded up the steps of the Hemming house, two at a time, and pressed hard on the bell. He saw Mildred coming to the door and smiled in anticipation of her surprise and delight when he proposed. When she ushered him into the living-room a rather good-looking man of about thirty-five was seated there. He stood up as they entered and was introduced to Arthur. "This is Ken Morley," Mildred said.

The evening was a strained one. Arthur felt that both he and Ken were waiting for the other to leave first. He shifted the little square box with the engagement ring to his outside pocket and clutched it frequently to steady his impatience. Finally at eleven o'clock — hours of boredom — Ken stood up and said goodnight. Arthur smiled inwardly; he had won, outstayed this chap who obviously admired Mildred, too. Wonder when she met him, Arthur thought. Mildred returned after seeing Ken out. "Arthur," she said, "It's quite late and I must get up early in the morning . . ."

"But this is a special evening, Mildred," replied Arthur. "There's something important I must say to you." He took her arm and led her to the sofa.

"Can't it wait for another time?" she protested. "I have a headache and would like to get some sleep."

Arthur firmly pressed her to sit down and took her hands in his.

"Mildred," he said, "You know I love you. I want you to marry me."

She drew her hands away, lowering her head slightly. "No, I didn't know you loved me, Arthur. But I can't marry you. . . ."

Arthur drew the little box out of his pocket. "This is for you, darling," he said. "I hope you like it — your engagement ring."

"It's lovely — but — but — I'm going to marry someone else — Ken," Mildred faltered. "We're both in love very, very much."

The blood drained from Arthur's face. The ring fell to the ground and the sound of it rolling on the wooden floor till it hit the wall broke the sudden silence of the room. Mildred felt uneasy, disturbed by the strong reaction Arthur displayed. "I'm terribly sorry — Arthur. I never thought — you never showed the slightest sign of loving me."

Abruptly, Arthur stood up and stalked toward

the door. "Wait — your ring," Mildred called after him. She hurriedly picked it up and dashed after him. When she reached the door he was already in his car and the motor was started. Arthur was yelling back, violently, "He will never marry you, never."

For some time Mildred was upset over Arthur's rather violent reaction. She tried to reach him by telephone to ask him to stop by for the ring and once drove to his laboratory where he worked on various experimental projects, but he was away on a trip. After a month had passed she forgot the episode in her preoccupation with trousseaux and arrangements for her wedding to Ken.

It was a week before the wedding that Arthur phoned and asked if he could come over. Mildred felt an odd clutching at her heart, but she said yes. Maybe, she thought, he has become reconciled and this would be an opportunity to return to Arthur his ring. Much to her pleasant surprise, Arthur was charming that night. He was gay and amusing and struck up an interesting discussion with Ken, who also was a scientist. In fact, they became so engrossed in their scientific talk Mildred found herself yawning.

"If you men want to talk, go right ahead — but please excuse me, it's midnight. But do finish your talk and, Ken, you can let yourselves out when you're through. Drinks are right there — so help yourselves."

"We'll be going shortly, darling. I want to hear the rest about Arthur's work with that strange poison, curarè. Good night, dear."

Upstairs in her bed, Mildred could hear the low masculine voices as she started to doze off. The tinkling of glasses lulled her to sleep and she only stirred once when she heard them at the door, still talking. She sighed contentedly — all was well. The door could be heard to shut.

It was the next evening that Mildred realized she had not received her daily — and twice-daily — call from Ken. She telephoned his apartment. No answer. The laboratory said he hadn't been in all day. It was late that night that she thought of calling Arthur — he had been with him at her house till the early morning hours. Arthur told her that they each had gotten into their own cars and had separated at that time. But he advised her not to be alarmed that there would be a perfectly valid explanation the next day from Ken, he was sure. "He probably had to rush off some place and had no time to let you know. Now don't worry," Arthur assured her, "I'm sure you'll hear from Ken in the morning."

But all the next day there was still no word and Mildred now became frantic. She notified the police and they got to work on finding Ken.

The third day Arthur drove over — it was Sug-

day afternoon — and he found Mildred strolling on the rear lawn. Lines of anxiety were marked on her face.

"Oh — I'm glad you've come, Arthur!" she exclaimed. Perhaps you can help me figure out what happened to Ken. Let's sit here in the shade of this apple tree."

Arthur pulled up a wicker chair. "I'll sit in the sun, facing you," he said.

He explained to her that the conversation between him and Ken the night before was solely on their experiments. "But — I hate to say this, Mildred, especially since I am in the role of the rejected suitor — but — he seemed nervous about the impending wedding. Talked about his family in South America — he supports them. Did you know about his family?"

"Why, yes, of course," Mildred retorted. "But he never worried about them. He expected to continue to help them. We had discussed the whole thing."

"Well — it was just a clue," Arthur remarked.

"I must think this out," Mildred started — then — "I never noticed the grass is so green under this tree. It used to be only brown soil. How strange."

Mildred remained seated. "The apples will ripen early, I can see. The branches are loaded with blossoms."

"I'm going to leave you now, Mildred. I see you would like to be alone. But if you need me at any time, call me. This may be an inopportune time to say this — but just remember, I love you and I'd do anything in the world for you." Arthur spoke softly, then turned and left Mildred at the tree.

In the months that followed, Mildred saw Arthur frequently. He worked with the police giving numerous suggestions and repeating whenever they questioned him the last conversations they had, particularly concerning his family in South America. The facts checked. Letters had been received by Ken's family just before his disappearance expressing his worry about them after he got married. But no one there knew of his whereabouts, nor could they offer any suggestions. On the contrary, Ken's family insisted that he was happy about his forthcoming marriage, despite financial worries. They suspected foul-play. But so far there were no leads.

It was a warm September night and Mildred and Arthur were having cool drinks in the living-room. "Let's go outside," she suggested, "it will be cooler out there." She led the way to the apple tree and sat on the bench, making room for Arthur next to her. But, as usual, he drew up a chair and sat facing her. After some general chatting, Arthur said abruptly, "Mildred, won't you confess it's hopeless to wait for Ken to return. You and I have grown closer to each other. Now you must know how much I love you . . ." He went over to Mildred and sat close to her, an

arm around her. "Don't make me wait any longer. Marry me — right away!"

Mildred tried to release his arm, but Arthur held her fast. "Please, Arthur, I love — loved — Ken. Something must have happened to him. I must wait and find out."

"You won't admit it, Mildred, but he got scared of marriage and ran away. You'll never see him again. I've loved you a long time. Say you'll marry me." Arthur tried to kiss her.

As Arthur pulled her to him, there was a loud crashing noise over-head in the apple tree and a large branch came tumbling down. He jumped up, holding Mildred tight, to escape serious injury, but there was a deep gash in his forehead. Arthur stood staring at the tree, considerably shaken. It seemed as though the tree was trying to protect her. But as he felt Mildred's fingers wiping off the blood from his head with her handkerchief, he pressed his lips on hers. "Dear," he whispered, "say you will, say you will." Mildred nodded, and they went into the house.

A week later, Arthur and Mildred were married. They went directly from the Justice of the Peace to Mildred's house. They were to spend their honeymoon night there and leave the next morning for a trip. As Arthur prepared for sleep he noticed Mildred had suddenly disappeared. She wasn't there. He called to her; there was no answer. After searching the house he went outside. He saw her seated under the apple tree. Rushing to her he demanded to know why she had come there.

"It was so close, inside," Mildred explained. "And the fragrance of the apples was so strong — something pulled me out here. These apples — their perfume is amazing, don't you notice? They are just ripening."

Relieved, Arthur sat down next to her, and reached out for the apple she was about to eat. "These apples do smell wonderful," he said. "Here, let me have a bite of it, wife." His teeth crunched into the fruit — and he toppled off the bench, writhing and groaning in pain. In minutes, he was dead.

The next day the police reported to Mildred that Arthur had died from a strange poison, curare.

Suddenly, Mildred knew: "The tree, dig it up. Now." She demanded.

A squad of police did as Mildred demanded. And, as they dug around that apple tree, they found — a skeleton. The long, absent, dead — Ken. He had been poisoned with curare. His skeleton fingers clutched a broken bottle of curare, with a label printed with the name of Arthur's laboratory. The police said Arthur poisoned Ken their last night together — and when he died, Arthur buried him under the apple tree. The poison had seeped through the roots of the tree and its fruit had killed Arthur. But Mildred knew it was not the fruit. — It was Ken or his spirit that had gotten its revenge.

OLD RED FISHEL WAS THE ONLY MAN LEFT ALIVE WHO KNEW THE LOCATION OF THE MILLION DOLLAR TREASURE OF LONESOME SWAMP. IT SEEMED THAT HE WOULD TAKE THE LOCATION TO HIS GRAVE UNTIL THE VICIOUS RICKEY BROTHERS DETERMINED TO GET THE TREASURE. OLD RED WAS JUST A HARMLESS INVALID HE COULD DO LITTLE TO PROTECT HIMSELF OR THE TREASURE ENTRUSTED TO HIM OR SO IT SEEMED... BUT RED FISHEL HAD STRANGE ALLES THE TREACHEROUS SWAMP ITSELF AND SOMETHING ELSE SOMETHING THAT SUPERSTITIOUS SWAMP FOLK CALLED

THE PHANTOM OF LONESOME SWAMP!

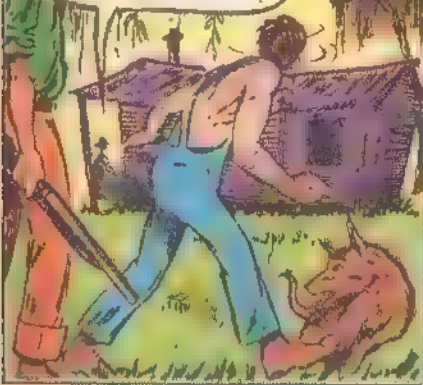
GO BACK!
GO BACK BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!

OH LORDY! IT'S
A HAUNT!
THE HAUNT OF
CAP'N WALTER!



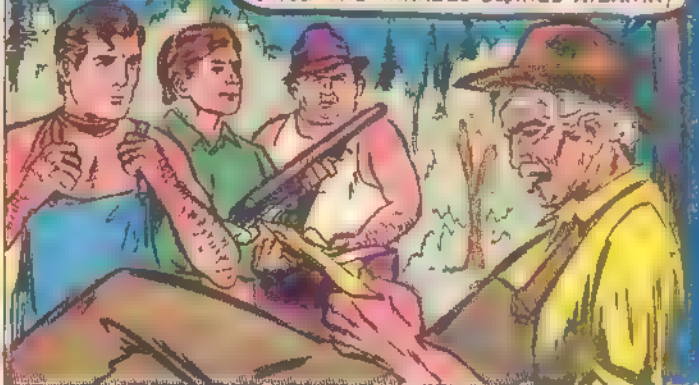
THE HOME OF OLD REB FISHEL...THE
LAST OF THE ALABAMA BRIGADE,
CONFEDERATE ARMY.

WELL, HOWDY BOYS... WHAT
YOU RICKEY BROTHERS DOING
UP THIS-A-WAY?



HOW DIDJA KNOW
WE WAS US, REB?
YOU GOT SECOND
SIGHT? YOU AIN'T
SEEN US IN TEN
YEARS!

THERE BE THREE OF YOU, AIN'T
THERE? AND I SEEN YOU KICK MY OLD
HOUND. THERE AIN'T BUT ONE FELLER
THIS SIDE OF GATE CITY WOULD KICK A
HOUND LIKE THAT... YOU RICKEY BROTHERS
IS ABOUT THE ONREST BUNCH I'VE SEEN
SINCE THE YANKEES BURNED ATLANTA!



WHY
YOU
OLD--
NOW YOU HADN'T OUGHT
TO GET RILED AT REB, RAY.
HE'S A REAL LIVE HERO.
YOU WAS AT BULL-RUN
WARNT YOU, REB?

YOU GOT BETTER MANNERS
THAN I FIGURED. AIN'T MANY FOLKS
WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE WAR
BETWEEN THE STATES ANYMORE.
WHEN A FELLER GETS OVER A
HUNDRED YEARS OLD NOBODY
WANTS TO LISTEN
TO HIM!

TELL US
ABOUT IT, OLD TIMER
TELL US THE STORY
OF YOU AN' CAP'N
WALTER AN' THE
TREASURE...

WELL, SIR, IT WERE RIGHT AFTER
THE BATTLE OF SHILOE... I WAS
SERVING IN B COMPANY UNDER
CAPTAIN WALTER AYCOCK...



ONE DAY CAP'N WALTER CALLS ME OVER
BY THE HEADQUARTERS TENT.

YOU SENT
FOR ME,
SIR?

I'VE BEEN DETAILED TO
DELIVER THE PAYROLL TO THE
448 TH, SGT. FISHEL... I WANT
YOU TO PICK A GUARD OF TEN
TRUSTWORTHY MEN... WE MAY RUN
INTO A UNION PATROL THAT HAS BEEN
REPORTED BEHIND OUR LINES...



WELL SIR, WE GOT AS FAR AS THIS SWAMP
WITHOUT SEEING NAIREY A YANK... BUT
SUDDENLY

LOOK!





YANKEES /

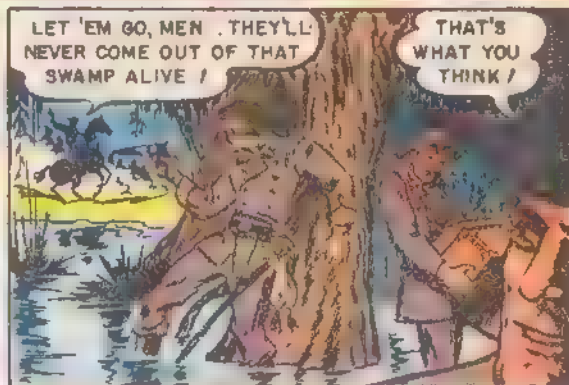
RUN FOR IT / WE CAN'T LET THEM GET THE PAYROLL /

SAY

WE HEADED FOR THE SWAMP, KNOWING WE HAD NO CHANCE AGAINST SO MANY YANKS, WE FIGURED WE COULD LOSE 'EM IN THE CYPRESS AND CAT-TAILS. BUT ONLY FOUR OF US MADE IT /



HEAD FOR THE SWAMP! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE /



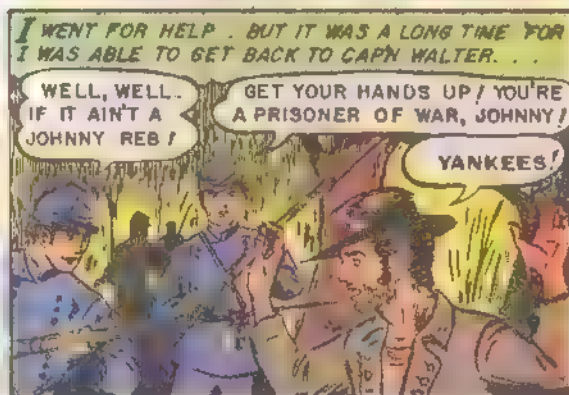
LET 'EM GO, MEN. THEY'LL NEVER COME OUT OF THAT SWAMP ALIVE /

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK /

THAT YANKEE WAS NEARLY RIGHT THOUGH. ONE TROOPER WAS BIT BY A COTTONMOUTH AND THE OTHER FELL INTO A QUICK-SAND HOLE. CAP'N WALTER AN' I KNEWED WE COULDN'T GO ON.



WE'LL BURY THE MONEY, SGT. I'LL KEEP WATCH---YOU GO FOR HELP /



I WENT FOR HELP. BUT IT WAS A LONG TIME FOR I WAS ABLE TO GET BACK TO CAP'N WALTER.

WELL, WELL. IF IT AINT A JOHNNY REB /

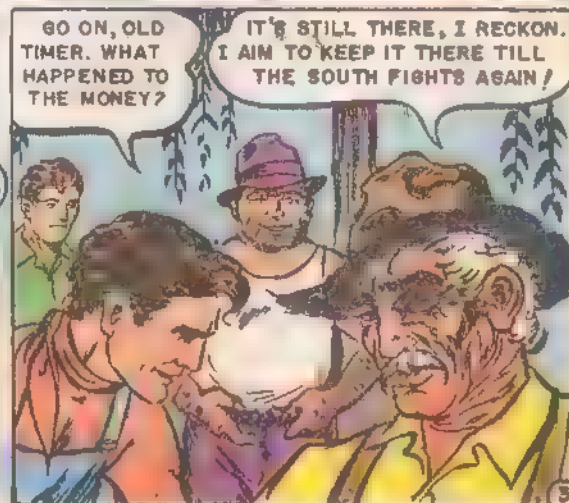
GET YOUR HANDS UP! YOU'RE A PRISONER OF WAR, JOHNNY!

YANKEES!

I TOLD NO ONE OF THE MONEY BURIED IN LONE-SOME SWAMP... FINALLY LEE SURRENDERED AND I WAS TURNED LOOSE FROM THE PRISON CAMP. I HEADED RIGHT BACK TO THE SWAMP. BUT I WAS TOO LATE... THE COTTON-MOUTHS OR STARVATION HAD GOTTEN CAP'N WALTER.



SGT. FISHEL REPORTIN' AS ORDERED, SIR! I..I'M SORRY I WAS LATE GETTIN' BACK /

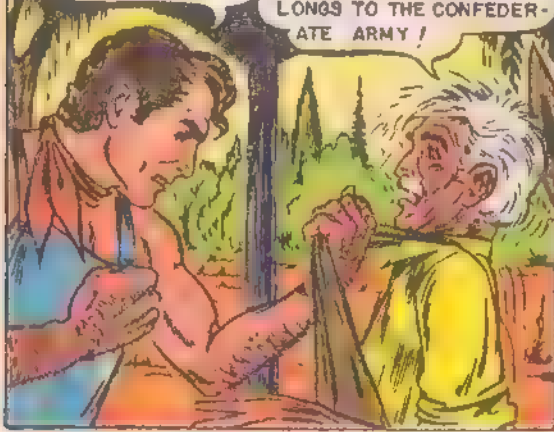


GO ON, OLD TIMER. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MONEY?

IT'S STILL THERE, I RECKON. I AIM TO KEEP IT THERE TILL THE SOUTH FIGHTS AGAIN!

YOU OL' FOOL! THAT MONEY BELONGS TO ANYBODY
WHAT FINDS IT... IFFEN YOU AIN'T
HAD SENSE TO SPEND IT, WE
HAS! WHERE'D YOU SAY
IT'S BURIED?

I DIDN'T SAY!
AN' I DON'T AIM
TO! THAT MONEY BE-
LONGS TO THE CONFEDER-
ATE ARMY!



LET ME GO! DAD-
BURN-YE! I TOLD
YOU I AIN'T AGONNA
TELL WHERE THE
TREASURE'S HID!

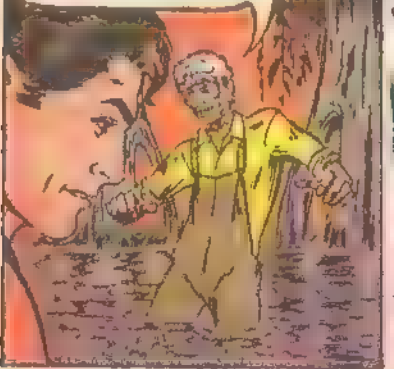
MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR
MIND IFFEN YOU COOL OFF
FER A WHILE IN THIS
QUICKSAND!



ALL RIGHT, BLAST YE! THEY'S
A MAP IN MY SHACK---BEHIND THE
PICTURE OF JEB'S TUART. BUT Y'ALL
AIN'T AGONNA GET THE TREASURE.
CAP'N WALTER'LL STOP Y'ALL!
NOW PULL ME OUT OF THIS
BLAMED QUICKSAND!

PULL YOUR OWN SELF OUT!
WE'RE TOO BUSY A-GOIN' AFTER
THAT MONEY!

DON'T LET
ME... BLUB
... BLUB...
BLUB



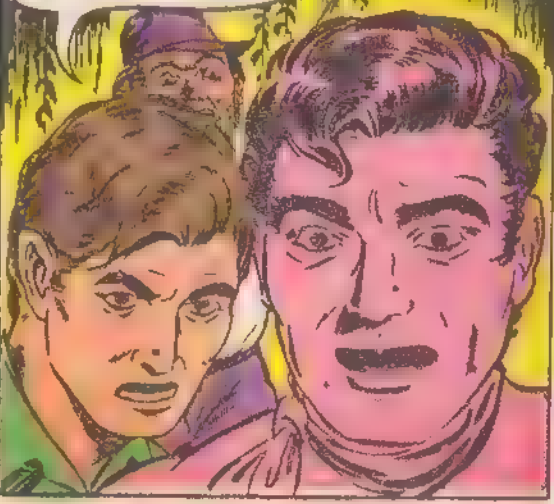
LATER...

LORDY, THIS
IS A SPOOKY
PLACE! I JEST
KNOW THEY'S
HAUNTS 'ROUND
HERE!

SHUT UP, SHORTY!
ALL THE GHOSTS
THEY IS AIN'T
KEEPIN' US FROM
THAT TREASURE!



LORD-O-MERCY!
LOOK! IT... IT'S...



THE HAUNT! THE HAUNT
OF CAP'N WALTER!

GO BACK!





I'M A-GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
COME BACK, YOU BLAMED FOOL!
IT'S A TRICK! SOMEBODY AIMS TO SCARE US/ I'LL FIX THE VARMINT!



GET BACK IN THE BOAT, SHORTY! IT'S GONE! I RECKON I WINGED IT!

LOOK OUT, SHORTY! YOUNDER'S A COTTON-MOUTH!



POOR SHORTY... AIN'T NOTHIN' WE CAN DO FOR HIM NOW... HE'S A GONNER!



WE'RE NEARLY THERE NOW! IT'S RIGHT OVER ON THAT ISLAND... UNDER THE BIG CYPRESS!



FOOLS! I TOLD YOU TO GO BACK! NOW I SHALL KILL Y'ALL!



IT'S HERE! WE'RE RICH! THE PAYROLL FOR A WHOLE BLAMED ARMY DIVISION, RAYMOND!

LET'S OPEN IT UP, WALLACE!



CAP'N WALTER!

I CAN'T STAND IT!
I'M A-GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!

LOOK OUT, RAYMOND!
GATOR!



HA HA HA HA HA! ANOTHER FOOL GONE!
AND YOU WILL BE NEXT!



YOU MEAN YOU WILL.
OH, NO! THE BULLETS
GO RIGHT THROUGH
HIM!

YOU CAN'T HURT
ME! I'VE BEEN DEAD
FOR 87 YEARS!



HMMM... THEN YOU REALLY ARE
A HAUNT! BUT MAN OR DEVIL,
I CAME FER THAT TREASURE
AN' I AIM TO GO BACK
WITH IT!

STOP! I
WON'T LET
YOU TOUCH
IT! I'LL
KILL YOU!



NO! YOU CAN'T
TAKE IT! I
WON'T LET
YOU!

I AIN'T SCARED,
SO YOU CAN'T HURT
ME! SHORTY AND
RAYMOND WERE JUST
SCARED INTO GETTIN'
KILLED... YOU CAN'T
HURT NOBODY!



STOP! STOP!
I TELL YOU!

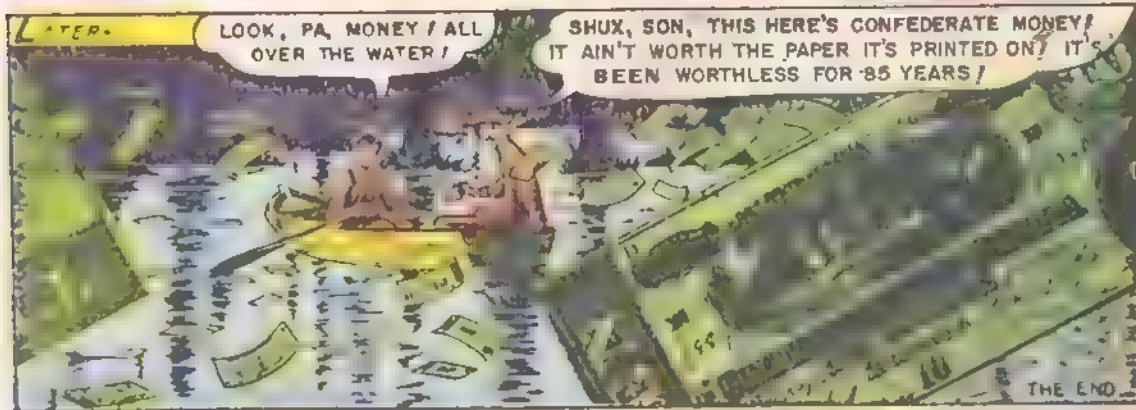
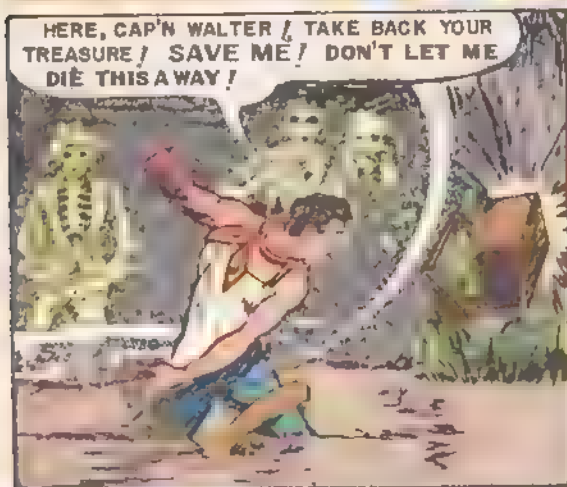
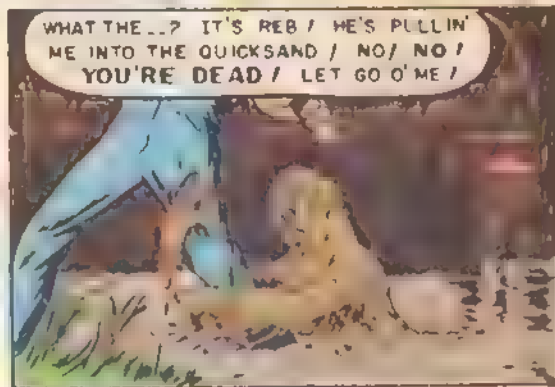
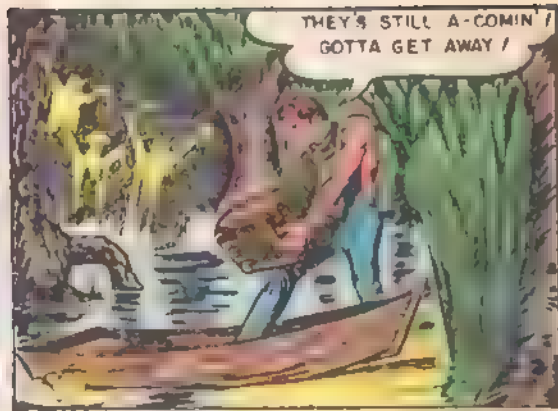
I BETTER
GET ON OUT
OF HERE.
FAST!



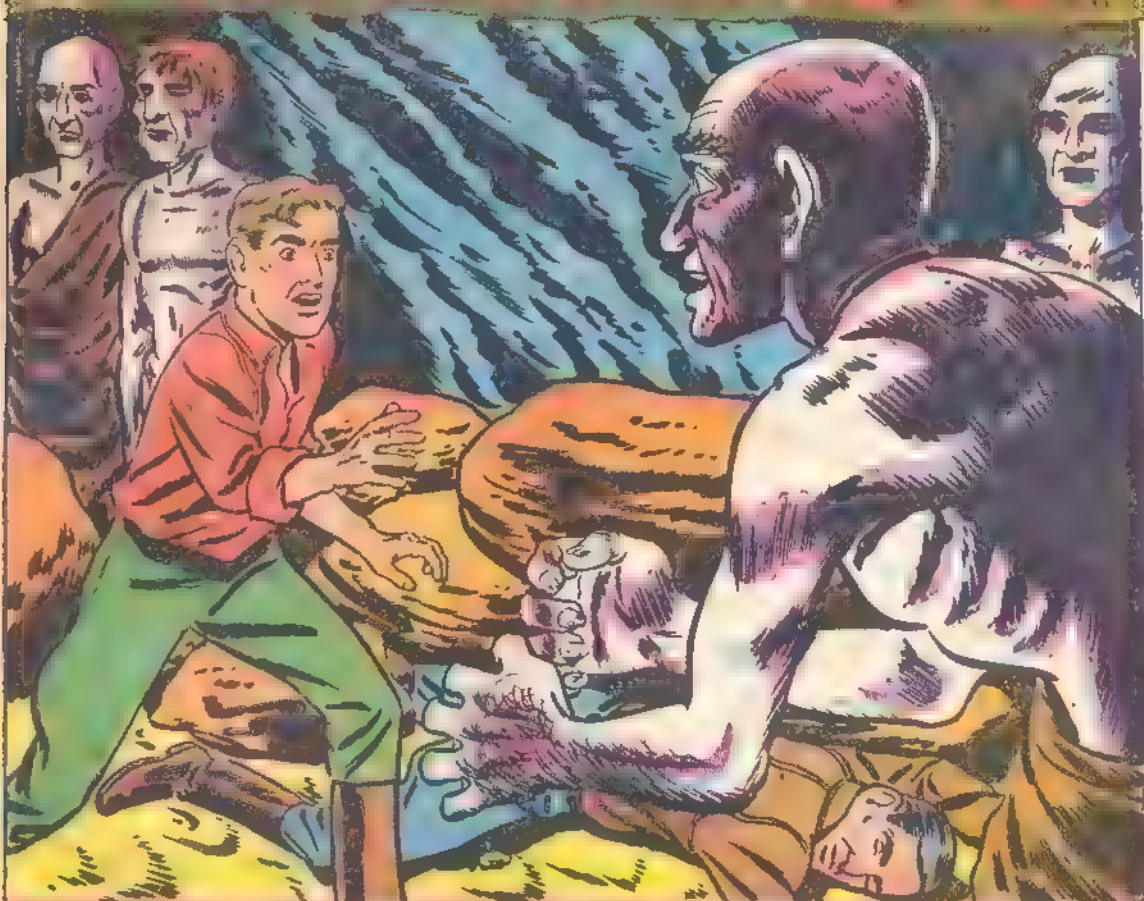
WHAT NOW? YOU AIM TO PLAY
ME A TUNE ON THAT OLD BUGLE?
OH OH! YOU'VE GOT SOME
HELP, EH?



INCREDIBLE BUT CAPTAIN
WALTER SUMMONED HIS
LONG DEAD MEN!



THE CORPSE SPRINGS ALIVE!



WE CALLED CHARLES A FOOL, BUT WHEN BECKER SAW THE SALT PRESERVED CORPSE RISE UP, ALIVE, HE KNEW HIS FRIEND CHARLES'S EXPERIMENT HAD WORKED! BUT IT WORKED TOO WELL. NOW CHARLES WAS DEAD....AND SIDNEY COULDN'T ESCAPE THE LIVING DEAD THING!!

FOR YEARS PROFESSOR CHARLES ROBEY WORKED ON HIS EXPERIMENT LEADING TO THE MAGIC DREAM...THE RESTORATION OF LIFE. ALWAYS HE WAS SURE HE WAS CLOSE, BUT....

WHAT IS MISSING? HOW MUCH LONGER WILL IT TAKE?



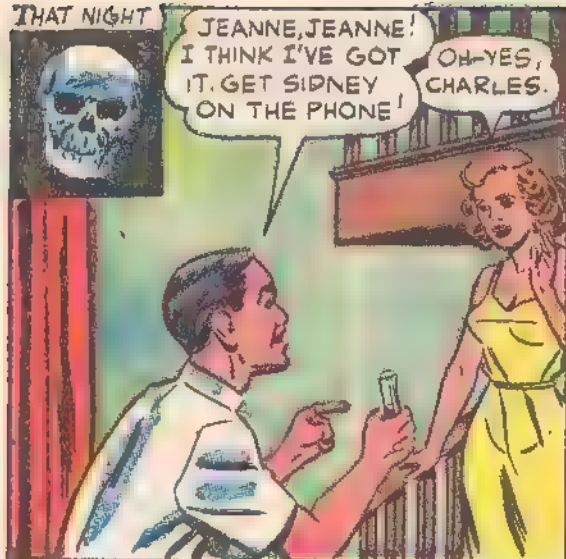
HIS ASSISTANT, SIDNEY BECKER, FEELS NOTHING BUT CONTEMPT FOR CHARLES' EVERLASTING STRUGGLES.

I THINK I'M CLOSE NOW, SIDNEY!

TO BE HONEST, CHARLES...I THINK YOUR HOPES ARE FANTASTIC!!!



THAT NIGHT



JEANNE, JEANNE!
I THINK I'VE GOT
IT. GET SIDNEY
ON THE PHONE!

OH-YES,
CHARLES.

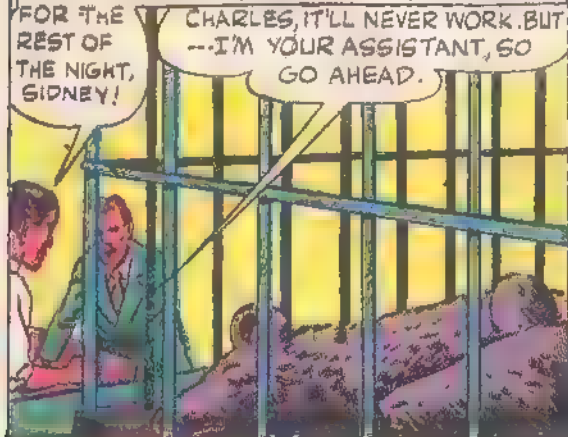
COME RIGHT OVER, SIDNEY
I THINK IT'S GOING TO
WORK ANY MINUTE!

BUT IT'S MID-
NIGHT--O.K.
YOU'RE THE
BOSS I'LL BE
OVER



SORRY TO CALL YOU SO LATE BUT I'M SURE
MY NEW SERUM WILL WORK ON THESE RATS.
I'M SO EXCITED--I MUST TRY IT RIGHT
AWAY! YOU CAN SLEEP IN THE GUEST ROOM
FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT,
SIDNEY!

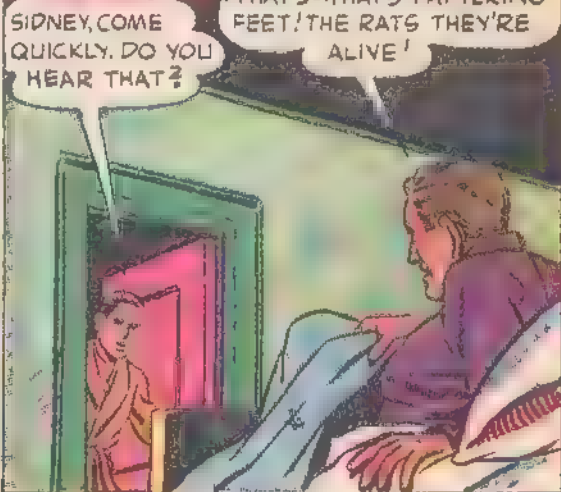
CHARLES, IT'LL NEVER WORK. BUT
--I'M YOUR ASSISTANT, SO
GO AHEAD.



AGAIN IT DIDN'T WORK, BUT....SEVERAL
HOURS LATER...

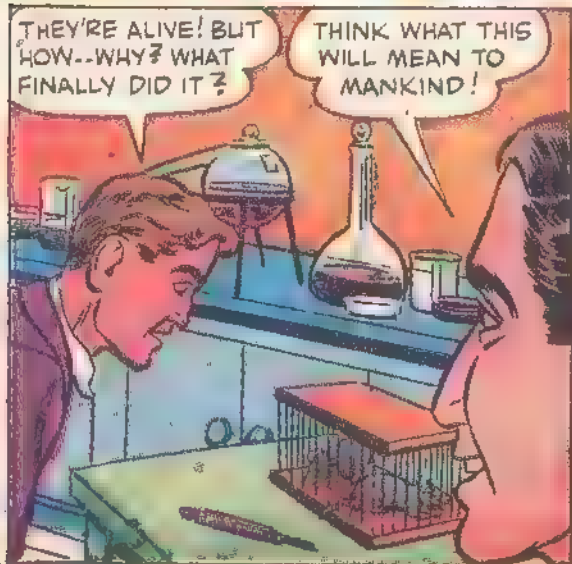
SIDNEY, COME
QUICKLY. DO YOU
HEAR THAT?

THAT'S--THAT'S PATTERNING
FEET! THE RATS THEY'RE
ALIVE!



THEY'RE ALIVE! BUT
HOW--WHY? WHAT
FINALLY DID IT?

THINK WHAT THIS
WILL MEAN TO
MANKIND!



RATS HAVE BEEN BROUGHT
BACK TO LIFE BEFORE. I'VE
GOT TO TEST THIS ON
HUMANS, BUT WHO?

WHY NOT GET
VOLUNTEERS
FROM THE STATE
PENITENTIARY!



THE NEXT MORNING, WARDEN GREY, OF THE STATE PENITENTIARY, RECEIVES AN EARLY CALL.

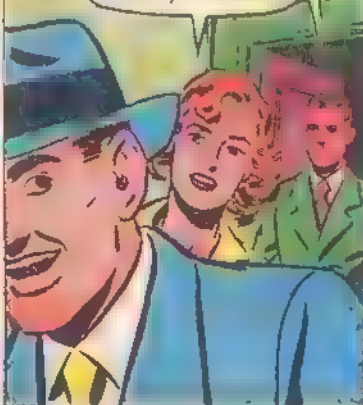
WHY YES PROFESSOR ROBEY. I'LL EXPECT YOU IN AN HOUR.



WISH ME LUCK AT THE PRISON

DON'T FORGET THE RATS!

BEST OF LUCK, CHARLES



...SO, WARDEN GREY, IF VOLUNTEERS WILL LET ME INJECT THIS SALT SERUM, JUST BEFORE EXECUTION, I BELIEVE THEY'LL COME BACK TO LIFE!

WAIT HERE. I'LL GIVE YOU AN ANSWER SHORTLY, PROFESSOR ROBEY.

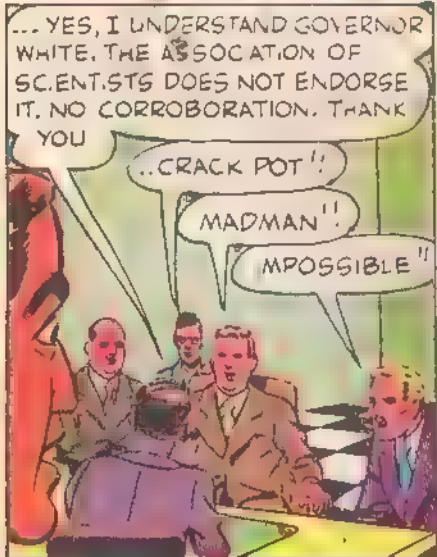


...YES, I UNDERSTAND GOVERNOR WHITE. THE ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTISTS DOES NOT ENDORSE IT. NO CORROBORATION. THANK YOU

..CRACK POT!!

MADMAN!!

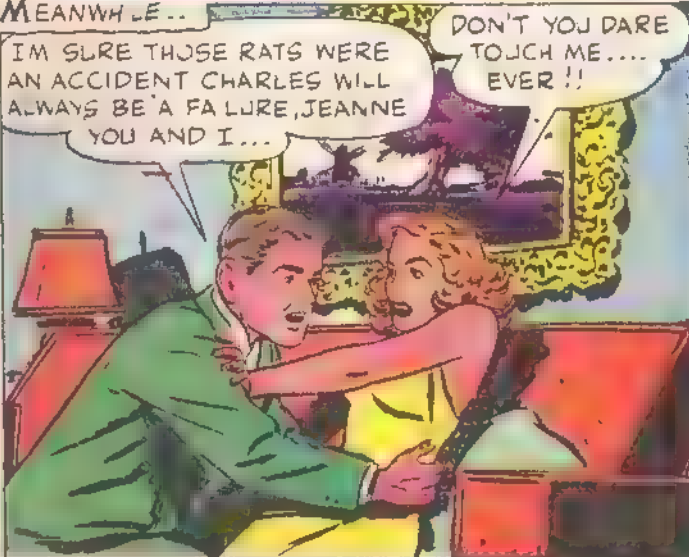
IMPOSSIBLE!!



MEANWHILE...

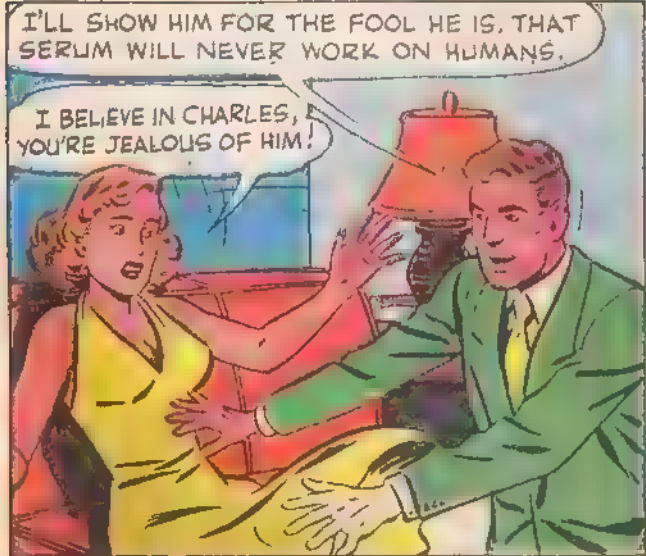
I'M SURE THOSE RATS WERE AN ACCIDENT CHARLES WILL ALWAYS BE A FAILURE, JEANNE YOU AND I...

DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME.... EVER!!



I'LL SHOW HIM FOR THE FOOL HE IS. THAT SERUM WILL NEVER WORK ON HUMANS.

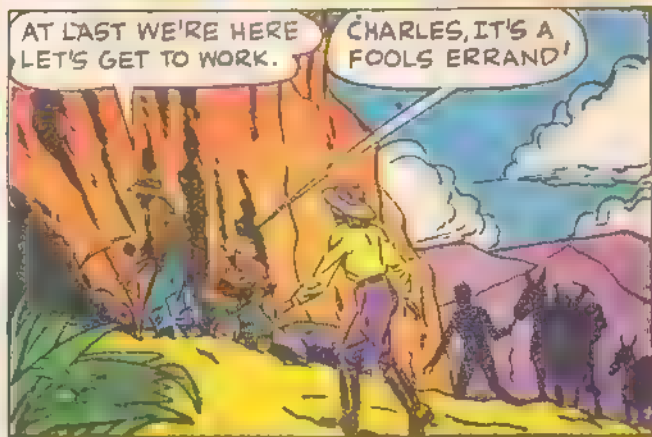
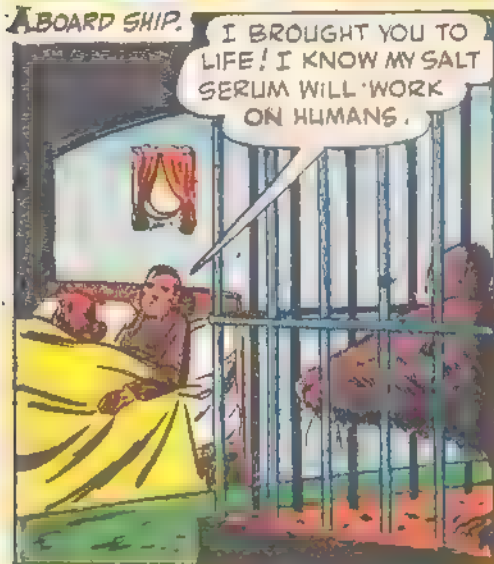
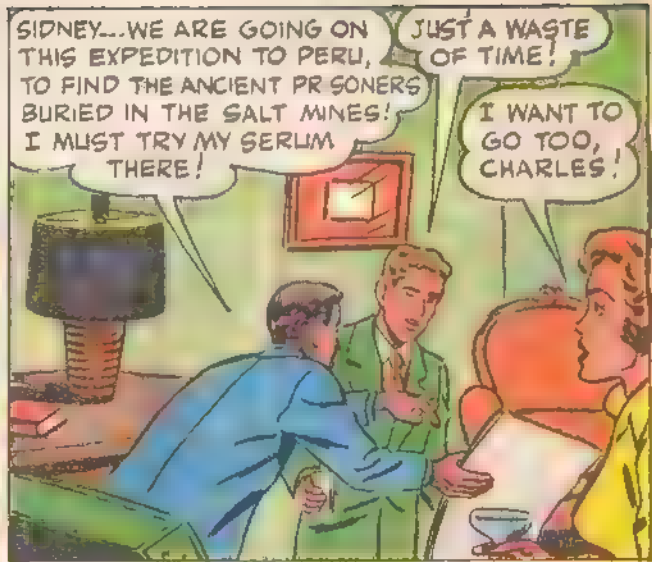
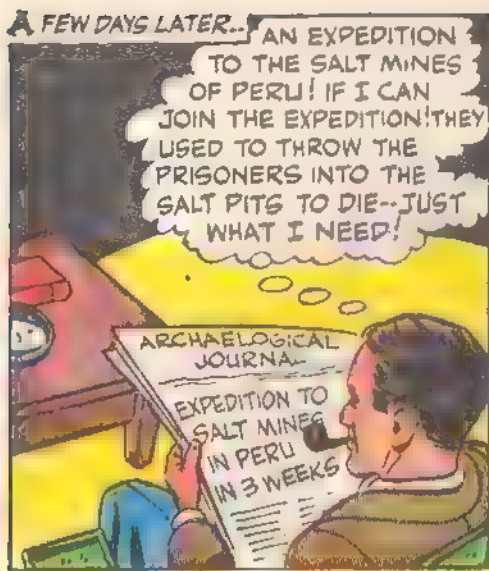
I BELIEVE IN CHARLES, YOU'RE JEALOUS OF HIM!

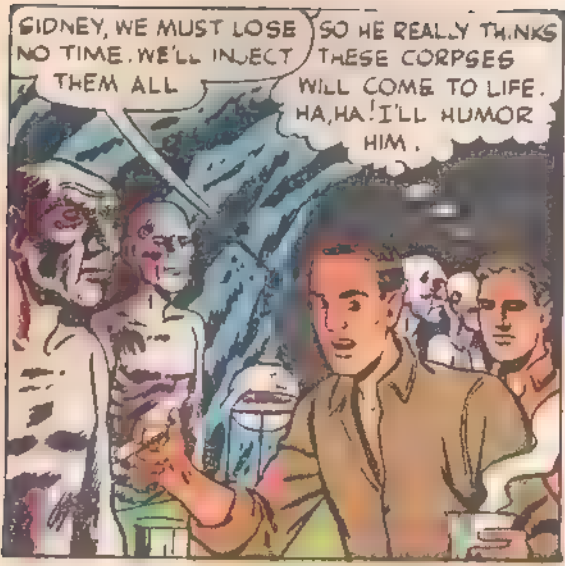


WHAT HAPPENED, DEAR?

THEY TURNED ME DOWN. THINK I'M A CRACKPOT!

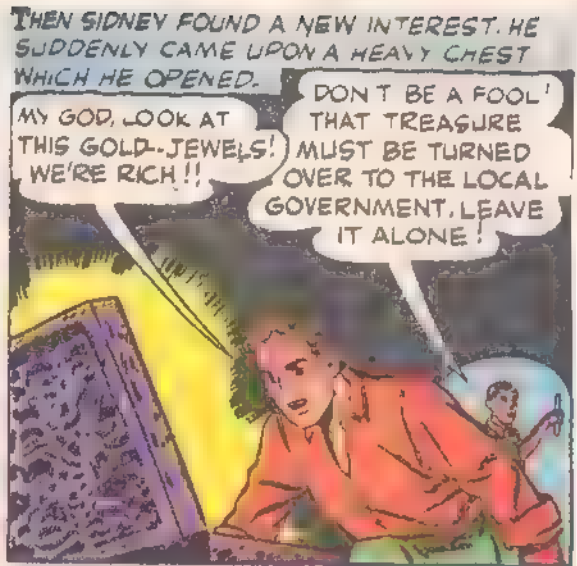






SIDNEY, WE MUST LOSE NO TIME. WE'LL INJECT THEM ALL.

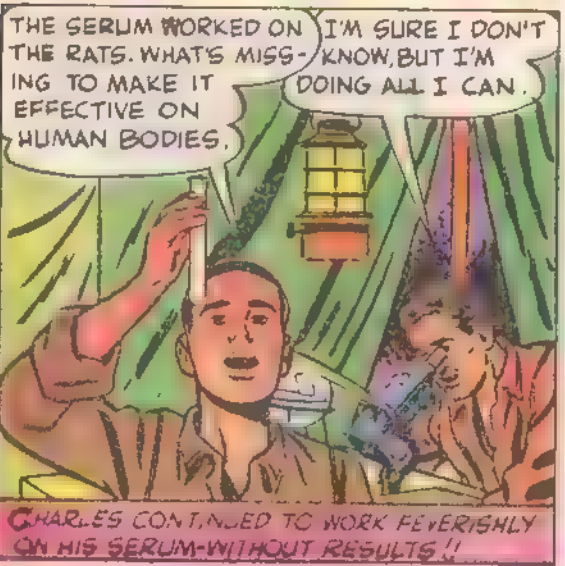
SO HE REALLY THINKS THESE CORPSES WILL COME TO LIFE. HA, HA! I'LL HUMOR HIM.



THEN SIDNEY FOUND A NEW INTEREST. HE SUDDENLY CAME UPON A HEAVY CHEST WHICH HE OPENED.

MY GOD, LOOK AT THIS GOLD-JEWELS! WE'RE RICH!!

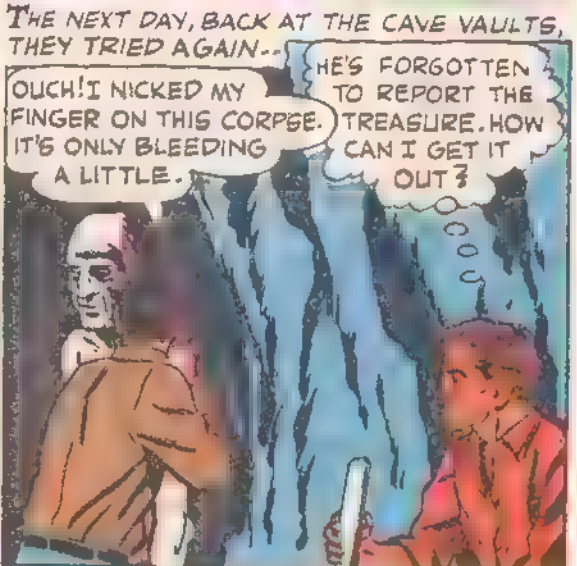
DON'T BE A FOOL! THAT TREASURE MUST BE TURNED OVER TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT. LEAVE IT ALONE!



THE SERUM WORKED ON THE RATS. WHAT'S MISSING TO MAKE IT EFFECTIVE ON HUMAN BODIES.

I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M DOING ALL I CAN.

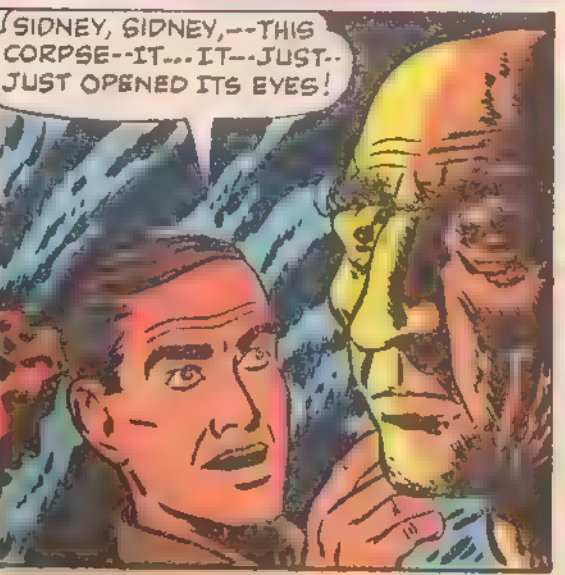
CHARLES CONTINUED TO WORK FEVERISHLY ON HIS SERUM-WITHOUT RESULTS!!



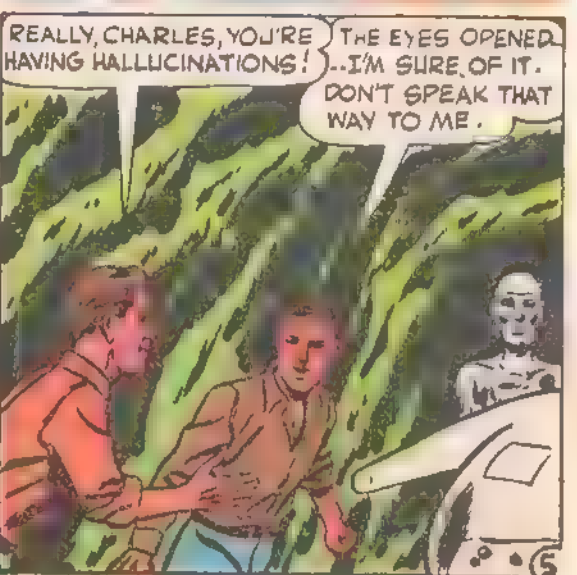
THE NEXT DAY, BACK AT THE CAVE VAULTS, THEY TRIED AGAIN--

OUCH! I NICKED MY FINGER ON THIS CORPSE. IT'S ONLY BLEEDING A LITTLE.

HE'S FORGOTTEN TO REPORT THE TREASURE. HOW CAN I GET IT OUT?



SIDNEY, SIDNEY,--THIS CORPSE--IT---IT--JUST--JUST OPENED ITS EYES!



REALLY, CHARLES, YOU'RE HAVING HALLUCINATIONS!

THE EYES OPENED. I'M SURE OF IT. DON'T SPEAK THAT WAY TO ME.

SIDNEY, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SARCASM YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ASSISTING ME.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE!
I QUIT!



THAT NIGHT CHARLES IS MORE RESTLESS THAN EVER.

CHARLES, WHERE ARE YOU GOING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

I'M GOING TO THE CAVE.
THAT CORPSE, I TELL YOU, IT MAY COME ALIVE...



DEAR-ISN'T ALL THIS DANGEROUS? PLEASE DON'T GO...

I'M ON THE VERY THRESHOLD
-I MUST GO---



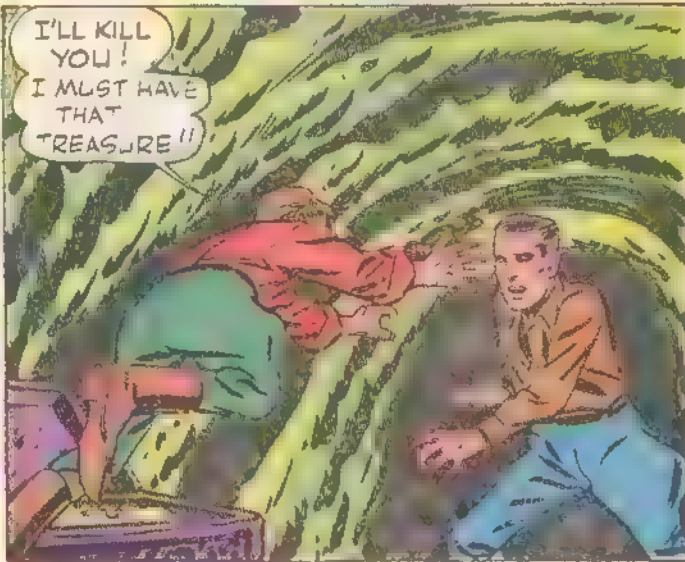
SIDNEY HAD ALSO GONE TO THE CAVE, BUT HE HAD OTHER DEAS...

YOU'RE NO SCIENTIST,
YOU'RE A THIEF!!

MADMAN!



I'LL KILL YOU!
I MUST HAVE THAT TREASURE!!



LOOKOLT! -THE CORPSE I INJECTED...

YOU'LL BE THE CORPSE.



CHARLES' HEAD HIT A ROCK AND THE BLEEDING WOUND SPATTERED THE CORPSE!!

MY HEAD..OH! LOOK -LOOK..THE CORPSE! IT'S EYES ARE OPEN AGAIN!

OH, NO!!



THE MISSING ELEMENT WAS HUMAN BLOOD! AND I CALLED HIM A FAILURE. NOW CHARLES IS DEAD!



IT WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT. I ALONE HAVE THE SECRET AND THE TREASURE --- AND JEAN TOO --- ALL MINE ---



THE CORPSE... IT'S MOVING!!



THE CORPSE APPROACHED SIDNEY... CLOSER... CLOSER...



WAIT! I GAVE YOU LIFE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I SPILLED CHARLES' BLOOD SO YOU COULD LIVE!

OH, NO! HELP ME CHARLES HELP ME! STOP HIM!!



BUT CHARLES COULDN'T HELP... HE WAS DEAD!!

MEANWHILE, JEAN HAD CALLED THE POLICE...



HURRY, OFFICERS. I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY HUSBAND!

JEANNE FINDS THE END OF CHARLES' STRANGE EXPERIMENT! CHARLES DEAD, SIDNEY DEAD AND SHE KNEW HER HUSBAND WAS NO FAILURE. HIS SERUM HAD WORKED A LITTLE WHILE, BUT THE CORPSE HAD GONE BACK TO DEATH! AND WITH IT THE SECRET...



THAT CORPSE WAS ALIVE, IT KILLED SYDNEY!!

THE END.

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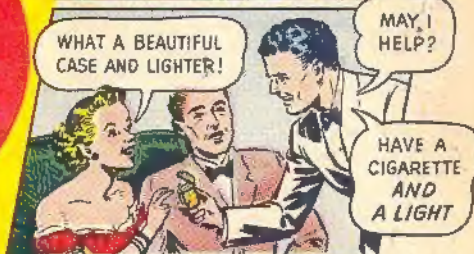
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